

HURT ON THE TRACK

Probably Fatal Accident at Mendota.

EDGAR PARSONS THE VICTIM

Boarded the Train at Goshen Junction and Jumped Off Near Mendota.

When the freight train from Mendota arrived at 8 o'clock yesterday morning it had on board the body of a man who was found insensible on the track at dusk, close to the Mendota depot.

The patient was still unconscious when examined by Dr. J. L. Maupin, the company's physician. Dr. Maupin directed the man to be removed to the county hospital.

It was found that there was a concussion of the brain, a fracture of the left collarbone and some considerable laceration of the left leg above the knee.

The patient remained unconscious all through yesterday and every effort was made to find out his antecedents. He frequently repeated the name of "Dawson," and the name of the letter was found in his pocket signed Adelaide Dawson, and addressed "To My dear son" strengthened the impression.

Later inquiries seem to show that the real name of the patient is Edgar Parsons and that his home is in Visalia. He got on board the train at Goshen Junction on Sunday night, and his ticket read "Conductor" and addressed "To My dear son."

Conductor James Nejene noticed that the man appeared to be in a stupified condition, and after punching his ticket kept a watch on him for some time. The man sat on the coal box of the car, and once or twice made a movement as if to leave the car.

Conductor Nejene noticed that the man was present in the saloon at Mendota, jumping off the car while it was still moving rapidly. The nature of the injuries seems to show that the patient was not struck by the cars, but fell on his head on the track. The most serious injuries were on the top of the head. There is also a bad cut over the eye.

It is stated on good authority that the young man is a constable to the foreman of G. J. James' ranch at Jamestown, and was going to work there.

A telephone message from the county hospital at midnight advised that the condition of the patient was unchanged and that he was still unconscious. It is generally asserted that his name is Edgar Parsons and that his mother will come up to see him today.

Knifed by a Drunken Man.

S. A. Brown, foreman of the fence gang on the Valley road, was set upon by Bill Smith and Frank Stahl Sunday night and severely cut in the arm by the last named. Smith and Stahl worked for Brown, but became angry because he would not let them keep their own time. They filed a writ against Brown Sunday afternoon, and when they met Brown at the camp in the evening attacked him. Both men are under arrest charged with assault with a deadly weapon.

Fire Near Millerton.

It was reported yesterday that a big fire was raging in the vicinity of Millerton. It started Sunday and at last report was still burning. The principal damage, so far as known, is to stock feed, thousands of barrels of it having been burned. The loss will be severe to the people in that vicinity, who are largely engaged in stock raising. The fire burned eastward.

Damaging Hail Storm.

KAINA, Neb., July 25.—A damaging hail storm, accompanied by heavy wind, visited this place early this evening. Hailstones of prodigious size fell, breaking most of the west side windows of the town. There was a copper-colored, funnel-shaped cloud and other conditions favorable to a tornado, but it passed over.

McCoy-Ryan Match.

SACRAMENTO, Calif., July 26.—The sparing match between K. J. McCoy and Tommy Ryan will take place at the Empire Athletic club in this city September 5th for a purse of \$5000.

Then She Left.

One of the dwellers in woman's club land, whose views of the hereafter are somewhat pronounced, recently expounded them with edifying results to her maid, who was bewailing the loss of her friend.

"Death," said she, "is nothing but transition. There is no occasion for so much grief and fear."

"Yes, ma'am," agreed the maid, with a fresh outburst.

"When we die," continued her mistress smoothly, "it is only part of the process of evolution. We wake up to other life; that's all."

"It's in heaven we'll be waking up," sobbed the bereft one, "with angels and bars!"

"What nonsense!" corrected the club-woman with a pitying smile. "The next life will be just like this one. All things prove it. You and I will be doing there all the things we do here."

But the maid had dropped the apron from her tears stained visage and was gazing at her companion with every sign of righteous indignation.

"It is working out in service you think I'll be," she demanded.

"Precisely," rejoined the evolutionist, "but you'll probably be doing it rather better, you know."

"Well, if you think I'm going to heaven to wait on you, you'll find your self mighty mistaken," gasped the maid, blushing.

"So you'd better say sorry to self with another girl to train up to the next world."—New York World.

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THE KING WILTED.

A Game That Was Too Hot Even for the Doughy Kalakaua.

King Kalakaua was a lover of the fascinating game of draw poker and is said to have been an adept and quite proud of his knowledge of the game. This story is related by a man who has spent much of his life in the Hawaiian Islands and who was quite intimate with the king.

There was a wealthy gentleman of Nevada who once came to Honolulu to look after some business he had acquired in the islands and, being fond of poker, soon made a wide acquaintance with the Americans and Englishmen in the city who indulged in the game. After each night's play, when reminiscences of the game were in order, some one would invariably tell a story of the king—either about his style of play or the large amounts of his winnings and losses. The ranchman always listened with interest to these stories, and finally expressed a desire to mingle with the monarch and his cabinet in a friendly way. The only objection offered was that several members of the cabinet could speak no English, and consequently the ranchman, who had no knowledge of the native tongue, would be placed at a disadvantage.

This object seemed insurmountable until a young American, who understood both languages perfectly, said that he would undertake to teach the ranchman a few poker terms in the native language, such as, "I see you," "I raise you" and "That's good," and the ranchman, so he could designate the proper amount of his bet. The ranchman was an apt pupil, and in a few days his teacher pronounced him fit for battle. As luck would have it, the king had just mortgaged the tax receipts, paid off the cabin, and all were anxious for a game.

The ranchman was present in due form and politely asked by the king to sit in a little table stake game which was just starting. The game progressed very smoothly for an hour or two, but the bets were growing larger every hand, and all knew that some one would suffer before the game had ended.

The king and the ranchman had been bucking against each other all through the game, and it was a toss-up between them as to who was the more skillful player. Finally, at the king's suggestion, a jack pot was made for \$1,000. It passed several times and with the same amount as to who was the more skillful player. Each drew two cards. I saw that the king had drawn another ace, making four cards for him, and the ranchman had filled up three kings with a pair of queens. The king said he would be at \$1,000, the ranchman raised him \$5,000, and the king raised back for the same amount. Each drew two cards. I saw that the king had drawn another ace, making four cards for him, and the ranchman had filled up three kings with a pair of queens. The king said he would be at \$1,000, the ranchman raised him \$5,000, and the king raised back for the same amount. The ranchman then pushed a blank check into the pot and said something that sounded like this:

"I'm just a gug-huck a'f'r."

The king looked at him closely for a moment and then laid down his four aces and left the table, and this broke up the game. I was astounded at the action, and, finding his majesty to be in an uproar trying to drown out the roar of his losses, I asked:

"Your majesty, what made you lay down these four aces?"

" Didn't you hear what the man said?" he sorrowfully inquired.

"No," said I. "What did he say?"

"Why, when he pushed that blank check into the pot he said, 'I'll raise you \$1,000,000!'"

In the excitement of the play the ranchman had got his jumpralls mixed and had almost frustrated the king with the size of the bet.—Washington Post.

President Hayes' Little Book.

Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Charles Foster was talking to me one day about Rutherford B. Hayes. Foster represented Hayes' district in Congress when Hayes was president. They were political and personal friends of almost a lifetime standing. Said Foster to me:

"I got plenty of patronage under Hayes, to be sure, but for a long time I was most particular and earnestly interested. I would go to the president and, finding the claims of my man before him, he would easily acquiesce in everything that I said, because in most cases he knew the applicants as well as I did. Well, in every instance where some dedicated friend was concerned, the president would say, 'Oh, well, Charlie, we will fix it in a day or so!' Then he would reach down in a drawer, pull out a small book and a short stub of a pencil and make a note of the man and his wants. I would then for days in come rear with much interest the list of appointments sent to the Senate, but none that had found a place in the president's notebook was to be seen among them. Still, I didn't complain much, for I knew that Hayes was doing the best he could. Time went on, and finally I called at the White House to insist that a certain friend of mine who was then in Washington be instantly appointed to a post in the government. The law provides nothing of the kind; the officers at primary elections must give their services free of charge. This may be hard on the Demopone, but it's true. Has Mr. Gouche read the law? It not, why not? In petitioning for primaries the Republicans merely followed the requirements of the law. It is absurd to hold the Republican trustees and Mr. Shunklin responsible for this. By the way, it seems that Lawyer Gouche is ignorant of the fact that the provision of the law which makes primaries optional does not apply to the election of members of the legislature.

Mr. Gouche displays astounding ignorance of the new law when he says, or makes the Democratic and People's city committees, as all the others at the primary election meet, under the same roof, and out of the city treasurer's office. The law provides nothing of the kind; the officers at primary elections must give their services free of charge. This may be hard on the Demopone, but it's true. Has Mr. Gouche read the law? It not, why not?

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Pat Sheedy's Laughter.

Show me a gambler with a bank account. Show me one with a bit of real estate. You can't do it. Pat Sheedy hasn't got any of it. If he had, would he be chassing around the most obscure corners of the earth? No, sir. I can't gamble here, and I must gamble to live. I make my living at it, and a poor living it is. If I had money, I wouldn't come for games to play. I'd stay right here." Thus says Pat Sheedy, the greatest gambler of them all.—Los Angeles Herald.

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